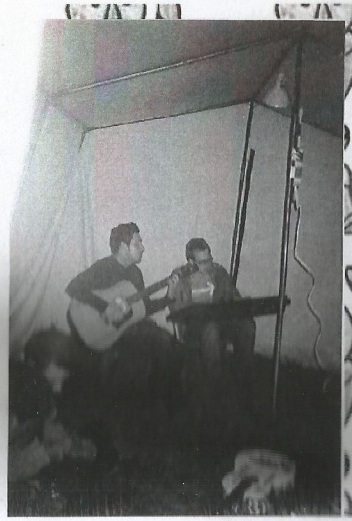
CODA.

Since its beginnings in 2002, the acoustic tent has been a place where Munkyfest cuts a little loose, and silly things start happening at the end of a long day. So we leave you here with a transcript from a real life conversation recorded in the acoustic tent, as a (hopefully) fitting end…

Applause.
Sam: (to previous performer) That was some good shit.
Will: does anyone know what time it gets light?
Sam: about 5 O'clock Will.
Will: The sunrise?
Simon: we could watch it, couldn't we?
Will: it's only quarter to four. We could go up the hill and watch it
Simon: that'd be wicked
Will: it's a great idea.
Sam: is it going to be light when we go up?
Will: we'll walk up when it starts to get light
(unknown voice): we could go up just as the sunrise is starting.
Simon: just as it starts to get light, we'll start to go up
(*unknown voice):* about half four, as it starts to get light
Will: as soon as starts to get light, we'll go up.
Sam: what's the plan?
Dan: as it gets light, we'll go.
Will: that's what I'm saying…as soon as it gets light.
Sam: right, cool.

(we never did go up the hill to watch the sunrise)



Hindsight is a Wonderful Thing.

Munkyfest: An Economic and Social History, 1999-2006.

By S.D Hampson

OPENING CITATIONS:

"What you hold in your hands is a document of something very dear to me. From the days when I was a young street hustler trying to make a living, to the early days of building up the Roc-a-Fella hiphop empire, to my current semi-retirement, the knowledge that Munkyfest goes on has filled my heart with joy. Munkyfest has been a constant inspiration and source of strength to me, as should be clear from my recorded work, my verse in 'Crazy in love' being only the most prominent of many examples. Someday, somehow, I hope to replicate, in whatever small way, what these guys have done.

lots of love guys, and my tenderest regards, Jay-Z aka Jigga August 2006"

"What do you think you're doing?! I came to live here because it's a *quiet place*": Kingsley Resident, August 2005.

"They're razing Kingsley to the ground": another Kingsley resident, July 2000.

"Well, hindsight is a wonderful thing…": Inspector Parry of Frodsham Constabulary, July 2002.

"Has anybody seen John Wallace? I want to talk to John Wallace."
-everyone, at least once, during Munkyfest 2005's last hours.

FOREWORD BY JOE:

My name is Joe Tucker, I helped to start Munkyfest and I've held the licence twice; You may have seen me playing a keyboard onstage.

I'm just one of a number of core Munkyfest organisers and I'd like to take this opportunity to mention their names – Matthew Hampson, Clare Hampson (nee Crossland), Si Hampson, Ruth Smith, Will Dison, Andrew 'Beezly' Beresford and Neil Thomson. These people do endless amounts of work (everything from number-crunching to back-breaking, chain-gang style, physical labour) to make Munkyfest happen. They don't do it for money or recognition, just for Munkyfest… and as one of them, I can honestly say it's been a pleasure and an honour doing it.

We wouldn't have been able to operate without the help of innumerable other people – bands, organisers-in-reserve, extra on-the-day helpers, farmers, minor politicians, CD-R copiers, burger-makers, that man who physically lifts the chemical toilets onto his shoulder. The list is nearly endless. We thank all these people from the deepest and most sincere corners of our hearts.

Like all great works of art, Munkyfest has never been about answering questions but posing them: Is it possible to hold a proper festival in your back-garden? How much of the unnecessary nonsense can be stripped away from a gig? Can pop music be important? Do your friends write the best songs? What was the make and model of synthesiser that Bernie Worrell played during the solo on Talking Heads' 'Burning Down the House'? (Please genuinely endeavour to find out that last one and then buy me the instrument in question).

Anyway, it's been a bit of fun. Enjoy reading this essay and please start up your own festival. Much love, Joe Tucker, 2006.

COMRADES! WELCOME!

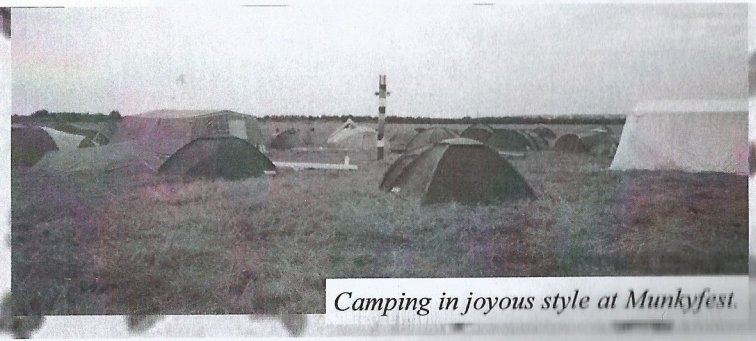
Hello and thank you so much for coming to the last ever Munkyfest. We're going to try our best to make sure that you have a great time. Since it's the last ever one, we're going to do a few special things. Firstly, you'll note that the bands we've got playing this year is- we think- particularly stunning. There's a real chance that your brain might go funny after this overdose of goodness so watch out, and don't hesitate to tell St John's ambulance of any unusual symptoms.

We truly feel really honoured that so many great people agreed to play. These people are heroes of ours.

Also, you'll notice that the site has been decorated nicely. We've tried hard to make it pretty for you, as we hate it when you go to festivals and it's just bands playing in a field. It should be about more than music: we try to make Munkyfest a way of spending time with lovely people in a lovely place. And having a bit of a dance while you're at it.

And you'll also see a few more bits and bobs for added fun. (At the time of writing, anyway) you'll find a dance-cupboard, where you can practice your dance moves away from prying eyes, in order to perfect them before they're unleashed onto the dancefloor. There's also the 'munkyfest bandstand': a place for all manner of special, short sets that will be running in the gaps between slots of the other stage. You'll hopefully see some pretty unexpected and wonderful things on here. And there's the return of the rave generator/ 'rave heart', this time with proper DJs and everything. Get your white gloves ready…

And there's also this thing, the booklet you're currently holding in your hands, feet, or teeth. As it's the last ever Munkyfest, we decided to compile a sort of history of Munkyfest's past, with pictures and flyers and everything, in order to reminisce about the good times, laugh about the bad times, and get some closure. Closure, as any professional lawyer will tell you, is so very important.
So thanks again, and have a good one…



Camping in joyous style at Munkyfest.

WHY MUNKYFEST?

Munkyfest is, as you might have noticed, a rubbish name, with an even more rubbish spelling. So why have it? It comes from a time when me and will decided to try to set up our own record label (we were at that time in life when everything good seems both possible and obvious). We liked monkeys, and we liked bottoms, and we especially liked monkeys' bottoms, and so decided on the name Monkey Ass records. We needed some 'start up capital', of course, and decided to apply for the very best capital there can be. Royal capital. Being ardent royalists, we donned the Prince of Wales check suits, saluted the flag, and got ourselves down to the Runcorn branch of the Prince's Trust to ask them to give us the fucking money. I simply cannot emphasise enough how badly this meeting went. We were middle class kids from Frodsham looking to put our mate's bands demos out, whereas the Prince's trust were trying to get kids from sink estates off hard drugs. When they started to ask us, with sceptical eyes raised, if we had any dependents, or indeed a history of dependency, we knew the game was up. They had bigger fish to deal with. We trudged home, cursing queen and country along the way, something we're desperately ashamed of to this day.

So Monkey Ass Records was shelved. But we still wanted to be involved in music, despite (me and Will) being rubbish at music: thus Monkey Fest was born, in 1999. The rubbish spelling comes from 2000, when I was trying to write 'monkey fest' on the stage in gaffer tape (not sure why) and saw that I was running out of tape (to this day, gaffer is like bloody gold dust in any 'fest), and so had to shorten the name somehow (see picture below).

So, anyway, the short answer to the original question is: because we were young and silly and we ran out of gaffer tape.

ADDENDUM:
It has recently come to light that, at the very first Munkyfest in 1999, Paul Stearne (then of the Honey Shop Screamers, and now of Tokyo Adventures') made a sign to go outside Will's house, with the corrupted 'Munkyfest' spelling. So, perhaps a little terrifyingly, it seems that two people thought of this rubbish spelling quite independently of one another…

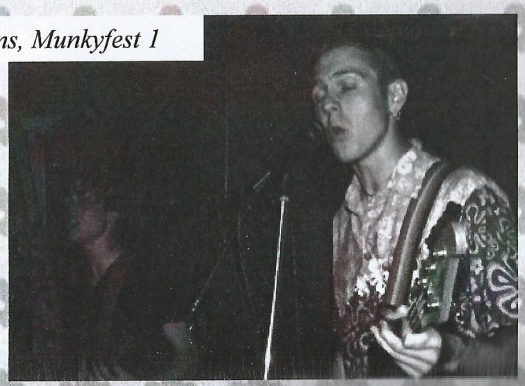
MUNKYFEST #1.

FRIDAY, 16TH JULY 1999:
THE FUCKS/ WHITE NOISE/ SPLITPINS/
HANDY JACK OFFS/ HONEY SHOP SCREAMERS

As with the universe itself, no one's quite sure how munkyfest started, or why. Scholars maintain that there's been a 'moonky-feste' held in the Cheshire countryside since the 12th century, but that's a lie. The truth is this, as far as we can remember:

In 1999 we were 17 years old, and beginning to realise that there were some really great bands in the local area. Our weekends were divided up between 2 local venues, Winnington Rec in Northwich, and Telford's Warehouse (not nearly as exciting and acid house-y as it sounds) in Chester. Both were, and are, pretty awful venues, but they were notable for being willing to put on young bands from around the way. Two of those particularly caught our attention and our hearts: Honey Shop Screamers, and Handy Jack Offs. The Screamers were a ska band, made up of Paul Rafferty (later of Hot Club De Paris), Paul Stearne (later of Tokyo Adventures), and John Wallace (later of Voo). They went on to become Victor FME, who you loved and love. The Handy jack Offs were ska-punk in a NOFX-stylee. They later spilled over into the mighty ranks of Redneck Zombies and Hyperjax, and also became the Short Cuts. So, we were young, it was the late '90s, and so we loved learning how to skank to these hot new sounds. We weren't at school with either of these bands. However, we were at school with- and some of us were *in*- a band called the Splitpins, who played frantic 'punk n roll', as it was called back then.

Splitpins, Munkyfest 1



What's hard even for us to understand about the first Munkyfest, of July 1999, is why the idea to organise a small festival seemed so *obvious* to us. But there really was no question or doubt about it, nor even much forethought. It just seemed the Thing To Do. Will persuaded his parents to get out of the house for a few hours on a Friday night, and we were all set. That's the thing- the first Munkyfest was set up, and happened, one evening after school. Nowadays it takes us months to prepare: the vitality of youth, eh?

For the first Munkyfest we had no time to design a proper stage, and even less of idea how to go about it, so it was strictly rudimentary stuff- just a few pallets strewn on the floor, lots of gaffer tape and string trying desperately to hold the thing together. I may be making this up, but as I remember things, the 'stage lighting', such as it was, just consisted of us leaving the light in will's kitchen on, as the stage backed on to the kitchen window. That's pretty symptomatic of the whole affair, really.

Honey Shop Screamers, Munkyfest 1.

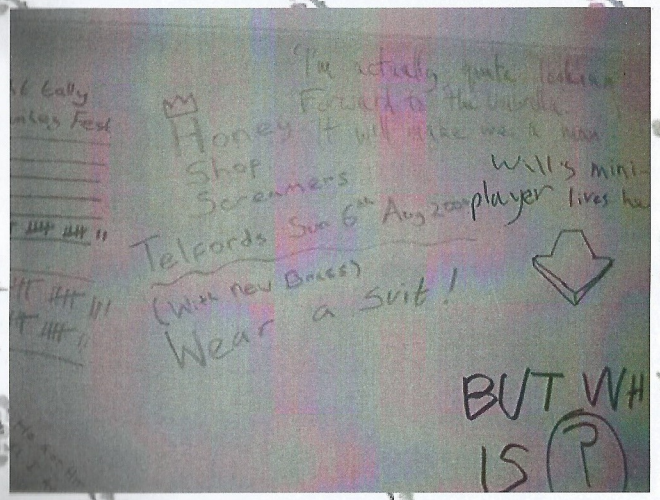
The other thing was in those days we didn't really know that many people, and certainly not many people into the musics we were into. It wasn't like today when we feel part of some nationwide scene or scenes. So, yeah, we tried to do a bit of promotion, but it really didn't work. Aside from those in bands, perhaps 10 people turned up. It was all quite embaressing, as I remember. But: all those stories, and morals of those stories, about the sex pistols at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, or the people who bought the first pressing of the Velvet Underground's first album, yadda yadda yadda.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. So 4 acts played. Me will and neil played (I think) our first ever gig as the Fucks. We tried to sound like Minor Threat. Then I played a noise set using a rubbish Argos keyboard put through a distortion pedal. Handy Jack Offs, who headlined, got us dancing on the lawn as the sun set, and really, that's as good as it gets when yr 17, or any age in fact. The honey shop screamers did great and graceful, clean and fragile ska. The splitpins were the greatest punk band you never saw. Or that's what everything felt like.

My strongest memory of the night, though, was the end: the climax of loads of people onstage together, from different bands, shouting and singing along to a cover of Rancid's 'Roots Radical', a song that meant a great deal to many of us, back then. The PA started to break down and the stage was in pieces and all was glorious chaos. Something so messy and out of control had to be important, surely. Teenage kicks.

The few days following Munkyfest, we started to recount stories about the night, reminiscing about the fun we had, and it passed into that weird place that some events have between friends, where it's this kind of myth that's helps you hold together. Stories about the bands, and the neighbours looking over fences, and the woman down the road who, during the white noise set proclaimed that 'They' were 'razing Kingsley to the ground'. I still wonder who she imagined, in her minds' eye, 'they' to be. Stories about our friend John Orme stopping breathing for about 20 seconds (he remains the *only* person to (temporarily) have died at munkyfest, a statistic we're very proud of. No one, as of yet, has been born at the festival.). stories about 'Candy', a 45 year old accountant trapped in an albino 16 year old's body breaking Will's parents' chairs in a fit of drunken stupidity, and then patiently explaining to said parents that he'd pop down to B&Q the next day to get them some new ones.

With all this personal history mounting up, and the fun we'd had that night, it was pretty clear to everyone that we were going to have to do one the following year.



Early Honey Shop Screamers graffiti on Will's bedroom wall.

Poster for first ever Munkyfest: note crucial handwritten amendments:

KINGSLEY'S BEST MUSI FEST!!

IN WILL DISON'S BACK GARDEN:

MONKEY FEST

Hosted by The F**ks

FEATURING LOCAL TALENT FROM:

SPLITPINS

Feeling is Believing®

HONEY SHOP SCREAMERS

AND A MONSTER

HANDY JACK-OFFS

"IN 20 YEARS, THIS IS THE ONLY GIG I'VE EVER ENDORSED"
- John Paul Jones

COMMENCES AT 8pm

Friday 16th July

'CASA MIA' ON DEPMOR LANE, NR. KINGSLEY SCHOOL

Honeyshopscreamers@yahoo.com

MUNKYFEST #2.

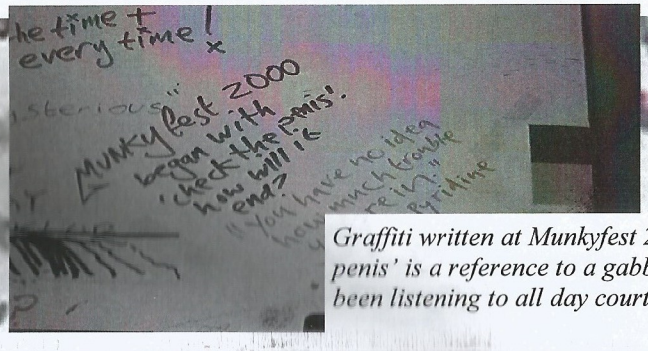
SATURDAY, 15TH July 2000.
THR FUCKS/ WHITE NOISE/ IAN BAXTER/ FUBAR/ HEADFIRST/ REDBANK/ BOBA FETT/ CUSTARD POINT 9/ TACTIT/ HIP HOP YOU DON'T STOP/ HANDY JACKK OFFS/ ALLY/ HONEY SCHOP SCREAMERS/ PYRIDINE

So the 21st century had begun and munkyfest narrowly escaped getting crushed by the millennium bug. It was the year 2000, a beginning of a brave new world, and it felt like anything could happen. Indeed, as a high profile footballer said at the time, 'we'll just go out there, give 110%, the lads are playing well, and anything can happen'. Wise words, and truer than he knew.

But I digress. The point is this: the time for munkyfest 2 had rolled around.

Ah, munkyfest 2. to the connoisseurs, the greatest munkyfest there's ever been or indeed may ever be. The stars aligned and we all put rock firmly against ass, as Turbonegro later commented.

Early Munkyfests were out of control affairs. We didn't have much idea what we were doing, and didn't feel a whole lot of responsibility: the idea was more to have fun, have a dance, and let things sort themselves out. With passing years, this irresponsibility has slowly become impossible: there's just too much to sort out, and too much riding on avoiding things going tummy-up. So, the first 3 Munkyfest's were probably the most crazy, and of these Munkfyest 2 was by a pretty long way the best, since it didn't piss it down (as at munkyfest 3), and there was actually people there (unlike at munkyfest 1).



Graffiti written at Munkyfest 2. 'Check the penis' is a reference to a gabba song we'd been listening to all day courtesy of Pyridine.

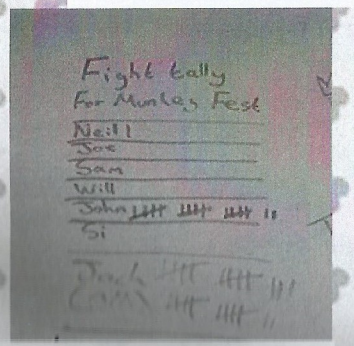
Indeed, there were a great many people there. Somehow, word of mouth had done its job and lots of people seemed to know about Munkyfest, and care about it enough to come. We were so surprised and excited. To see cars full of people lining up outside will's house, to see people setting up tents, intent on making a night of it, to see musicians coming with ideas for sets that were going to be special and unique to munkyfest... It was all quite amazing. I say 'somehow' this had happened, but that's unnecessarily opaque: in reality the chief credit has to go to John Wallace. John had started A-Levels at John Dean's, a local 6th form college that was way cooler than the school the rest of us went to. Here he met some, or rather loads of, super and lovely people and persuaded them that Munkyfest was a Good Thing. And many of them played Munkyfest that year. And even more turned up. And many of those continue to turn up, which makes us happy.

The line-up for Munkyfest 2 was packed, as we struggled to cram in all the music we felt we and the audience needed to hear. Many of these bands were from John Dean's. From further afield came Boba Fett (who were later to turn into Tokyo Adventures) and a band initially known to us simply as 'Anna's friends': Anna, the bassist in Boba Fett, had asked whether she could bring her friends along to do a set. We said yes, and the band in question turned out to be Redbank, who then turned out (as did Boba Fett/Tokyo Adventures) to become Munkyfest veterans. And from even further afield came Pyridine.

Boba Fett, Munkyfest 2:

Pyridine… The Munkyfest's very own Dwarves (as in the band The Dwarves:- Pyridine themselves were actually quite big). Some background: There was such a great feeling of camaraderie at Munkfyest 2. Perhaps because almost all the bands knew and audience knew each other, and were friends with each other, everyone worked together. The stage was built the morning of Munkyfest, with everyone doing a little bit. Everyone helped tidy up afterwards. Bands shared members to help each other out of tight spots: I remember John played in like 70% of the bands, and came close to really doing himself in. We sweated in effort and joy. The whole day was a delight, one of those rare times when you feel everything begin to take shape, very suddenly.

And then night fell, and pyridine got on stage, and all was change. Pyridine were the headliners, by virtue of having come a long way (they lived in Durham), and having a CD out. We learnt a valuable lesson that day, which is that making a certain type of band a headlining act can go to their head a little bit…Pyridine were mainly impeccably behaved, quiet and neat Chemistry undergraduates. But they were fronted by Mike, a huge guy with nice leopard print hair who hobbled round the stage, a plaster cast on his right leg, and a nice line in getting a reaction from the audience. In about the first 10 seconds of their set, he takes out a flick knife, brandishes it threateningly in front of the crowd, stabs it into one of the PA speakers, and intones, '*Munkyfest…you have no idea how much trouble you're in'*. (this is still my favourite ever quote, incidentally). The night was never really the same after that, and the majority of people fled the dancefloor, either in fear or annoyance, until Pyridine's (actually great) set of Buzzcocks-ish punk finished.



'Fight Tally' for Munkyfest 2. Is youth an excuse?

Pyridine's Mike looking cheery. This man almost became a UN weapons inspector. Seriously.

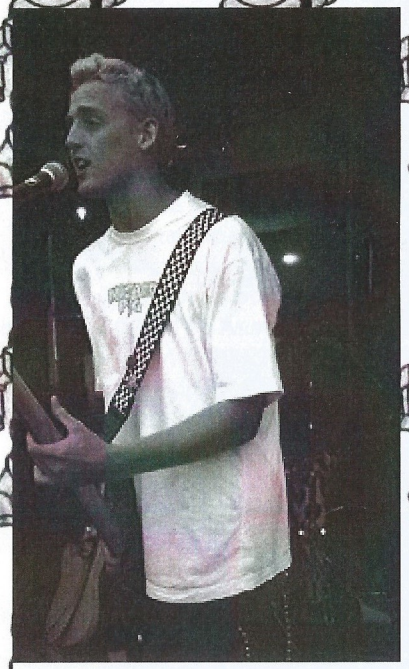
Pyridine at Munkyfest: note knife to left of Mike, next to bottle:

Some good music was played at the second Munkyfest, and a lot of fantastic music. I think everyone who saw it still remembers Ally's set of fragile wistful pop. He was Animal Collective before Animal Collective were invented. He later went on to form the For Tomorrows with Danny and Birdie. Hip Hop Don't Stop and the Doppelgangers did Minor Threat style covers of Sting. They featured members of Handy Jack offs and Honey Shop Screamers. Perhaps the single most fun live band in existence, they came out with my second quote ever, when introducing one of their most crowd-pleasing tracks: '*In 1974 for dogs escaped from Texas Dogs' Home. They became known as, 'the dog-men of Alcatraz'*. Still makes me smile. And then we danced till we could dance no more to the Honey Shop Screamers. Will's neighbours came back from holiday and looked down shocked from their bedroom window at what next door had become in their absence. We felt like teenagers, how teenagers are meant to be, and there's actually very few times in your teenage years that you can say that.

HipHop You Don't Stop at Munkyfest 2

And Munkyfest felt like a proper festival, albeit a tiny one. I mean, look at the facts: we had people playing didgeridoos, we had an old bloke with a mullet who no one knew drinking cider (who turned up AGAIN at Munkyfest 6!), we had people burning incense. We had people bring those massive flares, for god's sake. If that's not a festival, I don't know what is. And we even had the birth of our very own festival-myth, our equivalent of the angel that the acid casualties at the first Glastonbury claim to see above the pyramid stage. Our festival-myth is on an appropriately lower scale, but still evidence (if it be needed) that God, or some supernatural force, takes a keen interest in Munkyfest's affairs. We were using this torch late at night when, all of sudden, the torch said, in a stern American women's voice, '*Don't try to use me'*. Everyone heard it. We threw the torch down, shocked. To this day, it's not something we like to talk about. But it happened, and our brush with some thing greater than ourselves that night, our contact with a vast and incomprehensible power, is something that we will all take to our grave.

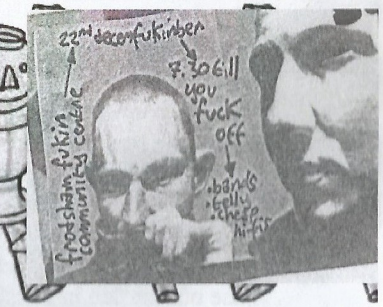
Munkyfest 2 was for us, and we hope for you, perhaps the greatest night of our young lives thus far. Could Munkyfest 3 come close? Well, let's see…



Sammy of Handy JackOffs.

Ally at Munkyfest 2.

Honey Shop Screamers at Munkyfest 2: Joe had joined the by this point.



Flyer for 'Fezfest', A 'winter Munkyfest' held the December following Munkyfest 2.

MUNKYFEST 3.

**SATURDAY 4TH AUGUST 2001,
DUB CLUB/ FUCKS/ REDNECK ZOMBIES/
JOHN WALLACE/ REDBANK/ ATLANTIC
MONTHLY/ ?/ HYPERJAX/ STEEL HEAP/
FUBAR/ HANDY JACK OFFS/ GRAMPUS 8/
HONEY SHOP SCREAMERS/ HEADFIRST/ FOR
TOMORROWS/ ZEN BASEBALL BAT**

Redbank, Munkyfest 3.

The year was 2001 AD, and the world was left reeling by the realisation that it looked nothing like how Stanley Kubrick imagined. Undeterred, we set out about creating our very own paradise on earth, in the form of a third Munkyfest.

This one was the last blow-out before it started getting a bit more serious. So, this is how it happened; Will's parents had wisely and understandably decided that enough was quite enough, and so we had to change venues. Luckily the parents of myself and (naturally) my brother (and Munkyfest Top Boy) Matthew were a little more naïve/kindhearted and allowed us to use our garden in Helsby. Many of us were at university by then, so Munkyfest's ranks was swelled a little. The week beforehand was spent trying to construct our first proper stage. 'Proper' in that it wasn't simply a matter of somehow suspending a piece of tarpaulin over some pallets an hour before the music was about to start. We decided to use an old scout mess tent as our foundation and constructed the thing around that. I think it still holds up as a lovely and elegant piece of work…check out the photos in this booklet, see what you think. We're very proud of our stages, you know.

Good God we had some great bands at Munkyfest. We even had a band all the way from Austria, The Atlantic Monthly. They played emo before emo became (unjustifiably) a dirty word. Lovely chaps too. Honey Shop Screamers were at the peak of their powers, a toweringly fantastic soul-revue with full brass section and organ from Joe. Even now, remembering their set makes my hairs stand on end. HSS's alter-ego incarnation, The Dub Club, opened up proceedings with improvised dub reggae. Ruff, as we (don't) say in South London. A DJ played the fastest song of all time (it goes up to 1000 beats per minute, if you're interested. I think the neighbours probably weren't), Another great moment was the arrival of the For Tomorrows into the Munkyfest fold, with their headlining set. They covered Neil Young's 'Rockin in the free world', and that was an emotional moment. We felt compelled to group-hug. Best of all, perhaps, was Zen Baseball Bat, who created carnage on the dancefloor, overseeing it all with those famous, perfect scowls (they refused to headline because we were too middle class). Oh, and their trumpet player, Jed, pissed onto the stage. Hardcore.

Zen Baseball Bat looking hard.

Dub Club checking that sound.

The thing about Munkyfest 3, though, was that it *pissed it down*. Really torrential rain, despite the age-old dictum that, 'it never rains at Munkyfest'. Water poured off the roof of the stage and the electrics were terribly close to killing everyone. People huddled under trees, desperate for the rain to end. It never really did. Munkyfest 3 could have been as good as Munkyfest 2, perhaps, but for the weather.

And the chaos at the close of play. To put it gently, some of Zen baseball bat's fans can be a difficult group to deal with. To give you a bit of an idea, one of them proudly showed us his tattoos, including- I shit you not- his tattooed *eyelids*. He's the only person with tattooed eyelids in Widnes, apparently, and that's easily feasible. We were indie students who liked a bit of Mogwai. It was never really going to work out. For the most part we all got along great, until the bands finished and the 'Widnes men' (as they came to known) simply *would not go home*. Not only that, but they got more and more drunk, and did more and more pills, singing 'Widnes till I die' incessantly. They pissed on my neighbours drive in full view of her and then implored her to 'give us a kiss', her every Daily Mail nightmare come true. It'd be pretty much impossible for anyone to be worse behaved. In its way, it was brilliant,.

The real problems came, though, when a taxi came to collect four of the group (in total there was 12, I think). The four of them were so out of control in the taxi that the driver phoned *every* taxi firm in the area to tell them to not, under any circumstances, pick any one up from our address. We were fucked. Luckily, John Wallace was brave and clever enough to pretend to them that he knew where a taxi rank was. Like some kind of pied piper for the ultra-lairy, he led them far away from the house, and then legged it. I dread to think what they got up to next.
But it was over, and as soon as it was, we laughed about it all, the rain and those 12 men. And so, as the laughter subsided, it was time to start planning Munkyfest 4…

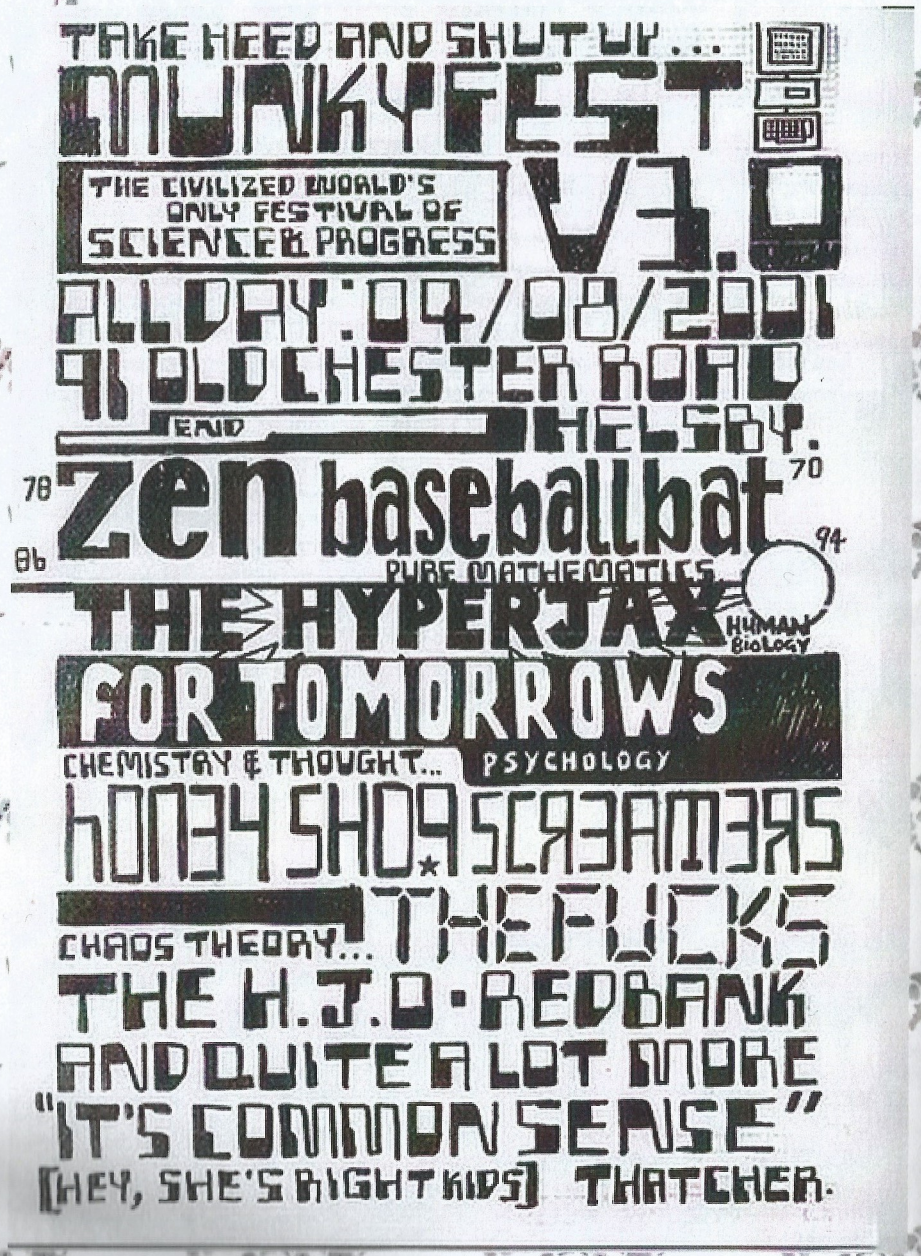
Hand-crafting The stage out of finest mahogany.

This is pretty Self-explanatory, right? If there was any justice, stuff like would shifts for thousands on e-bay.

START : 2.20
Dub → 2.40
Redneck Zombies → 3.00
John & Friends → 3.20
Fucks → 3.50
Redbank/Atlantic → 4.20
Hyperjax friends → 4.50
Redbank/Atlantic → 5.20
Fubar → 5.50
HJO → 6.20
Steelheep → 6.50
Headfirst → 7.20
Grampus 8 → 7.50
HSS → 8.30
HyperJax → 9.10
For Tomorrows → 9.50
Zen Bar → 10.30....

Atlantic Monthy. They're from Austria, you know...

Greatest poster ever? Could be, brothers and sisters, could be...



MUNKYFEST 4

SATURDAY, 27TH JULY 2002.
THE FUCKS/ VALERIE/ BLUE MINKIES/ HYPERJAX/ THE WOW/ TOKYO ADVENTURES/ GRAMPUS 8/ REDBANK/ VICTOR FME/ FLAMINGO 50/ FOR TOMORROWS

Munkyfest 4, in 2002, was a bit of an ordeal in many ways. It quickly became clear at munkyfest 3 that this thing was getting way too big to have in anyone's garden anymore. Unless that 'anyone' was a country gent with a massive estate and a fine attitude, and, sadly, for us that's not (yet) the case. The cars parked outside the house for Munkyfest 3 pretty much brought the whole road to a standstill. Aside from anything else, the fact that my neighbour proclaimed Munkyfest to be, 'the worst ever day of her life' (just think about that for a bit) ruled out having it at my house ever again (or so we thought…)

Flyer for Munkyfest 4. Note the (very!) optimistic bill!

So we spent months and months organising a big shift in the 'Munkyfest Brand', as we like to call it (not really). The idea was to hold it on a farm, like a proper festival, with cow shit and dodgy toilets and everything. It was all going magnificently until, with literally days to go till the big day, the police put the cosh on it. They were worried that it would turn out to be another Hillsborough disaster, something to this day that we cannot even begin to comprehend.

We spent hours upon torturous hours arguing and pleading with them, but it was all futile and fruitless. Although these hours were perhaps well spent if only for the increasingly surreal reasons that the police gave as to why having a small festival on a farm next to the M56 was simply impossible. One reason was that people on the motorway would get distracted by the stage lights and crash. Another, perhaps the best, was that we might be tempted to construct our own slip-road off the motorway, in order to provide easy access to Munkyfest! As the police sagely pointed out, such activity would be illegal. The policeman we dealt with also had an unnerving habit of repeating 'hindsight's a wonderful thing' as a way to counter our arguments, which was bizarre as munkyfest 4 hadn't happened yet, so there was nothing to look hindly at.

sorry

MUNKYFEST CANCELLED

As you may have already heard Munkyfest will not take place this year at Spring Farm due to a series of Police objections... **We now begin plans for Munkyfest 2003 as early as possible and we hope it will be better than ever!** Hope to see you all there!

email: munkyfestcancelled@hotmail.com

How it pained us to put up this notice...

...but then like some kind of tiny phoenix, Munkyfest rises again...

WELCOME TO...

MiNi-MUNKYFEST

MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL IN MINIATURE PROPORTIONS.

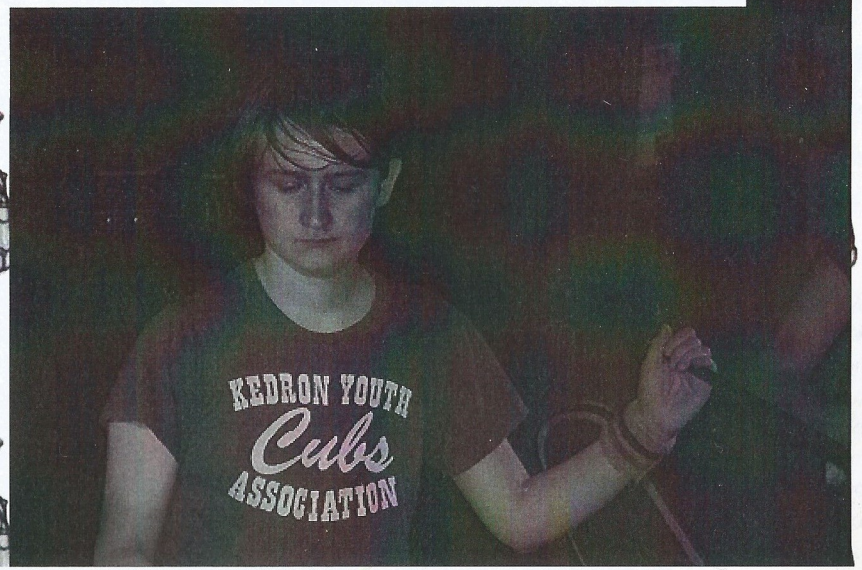
ALTERNATIVE VENUE:

HELSBY COMMUNITY CENTRE: 5PM

With days to go, then, our best laid plans had collapsed, thwarted by the police. Taking heed of the precautionary message of the Clash's 'I fought the Law', we decided to abandon the farm idea. But then we were stuck with what to do instead. The only realistic option, it seemed, was to have it in another venue in Helsby. But the only venue in Helsby that was a possibility was the community centre, a little building next to the retirement village, used chiefly for bingo and line dancing (why are old people so into line dancing?). We had to lie like bastards and pretend that we needed it for a band practice, but we got the keys. So after telling all the bands, a little (a lot) embarrassed, that the festival we'd been talking up was actually a Saturday gig in a village community centre, we all marched down to the 'commie centre' (as my mum insists on calling it, perhaps mistaking it for some Soviet HQ) and the fun kicked off.

Blue Minkies give us some schooling.

Valerie wonder what on earth they got themselves involved with:

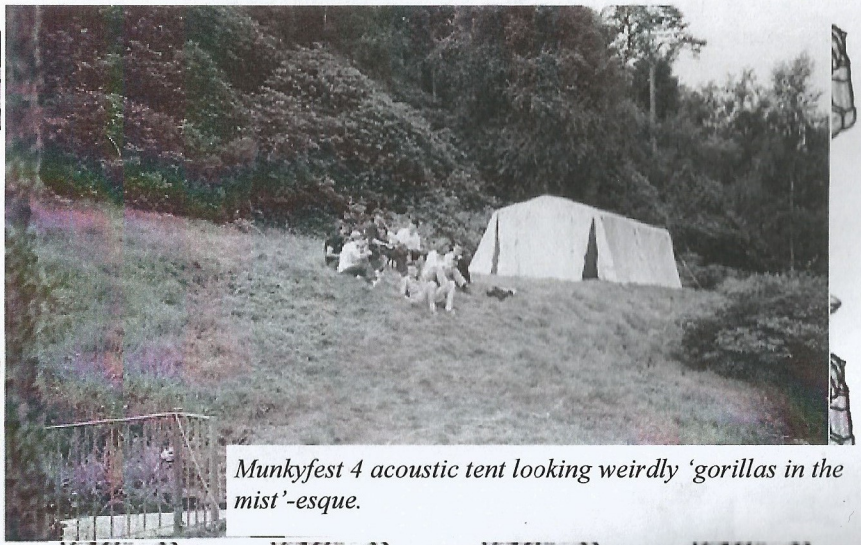


It was gloriously sunny day, the kind that you only get once a summer, and it was a bit of crying shame that we were stuck inside when we could have been watching bands on a farm with the cows in the field watching us. But so it goes. One of the bands that played- Valerie, the riot grrls from Manchester who have a drummer who appropriately is the spitting image of her namesake, Elvis- said that the whole event was like those bits in *Neighbours* where bands play the school hall, which was true and very funny.

But the jams were kicked out in that hall, that day. The Wow played their super-intense compli-core and our brains melted. Apparently standing in front of the drummer, Doog's drumkit was like being in front of a jet engine. (At the next Munkyfest, indeed, he cracked his bass drum pedal in half. He's a force of nature that boy). The Blue Minkies, teachers from Brighton pissed on gin, played their hearts out and into glittery fanzine-pop. On their Munkyfest debut, the Tokyo Adventures' perfect pop rushes made our hearts sing and thus ensured that there's a piece of Helsby community that will be forever theirs. Perhaps the best moments came from the worst moment- the refusal of a certain band, details being unnecessary, to get off the stage- this pushed our schedule right back, and meant that there was only time for the For Tomorrows and Flamingo 50 to play a few songs each. But as they careered through those songs, not wasting a single moment full of righteous anger at the injustice that had befallen them, turning up the intensity second by second, it felt like, and still feels like, these were two bands playing some of the best music they've ever played.

Flamingo 50 show how it should be done:

We'd got away with it, just about. The police turned up and didn't buy our story that it was just a band practice, but didn't seem much to care, the fickle lot that they are. the caretaker came and we swept up, and as the doors closed on the community, the second chapter of munkyfest 4 was about to start…

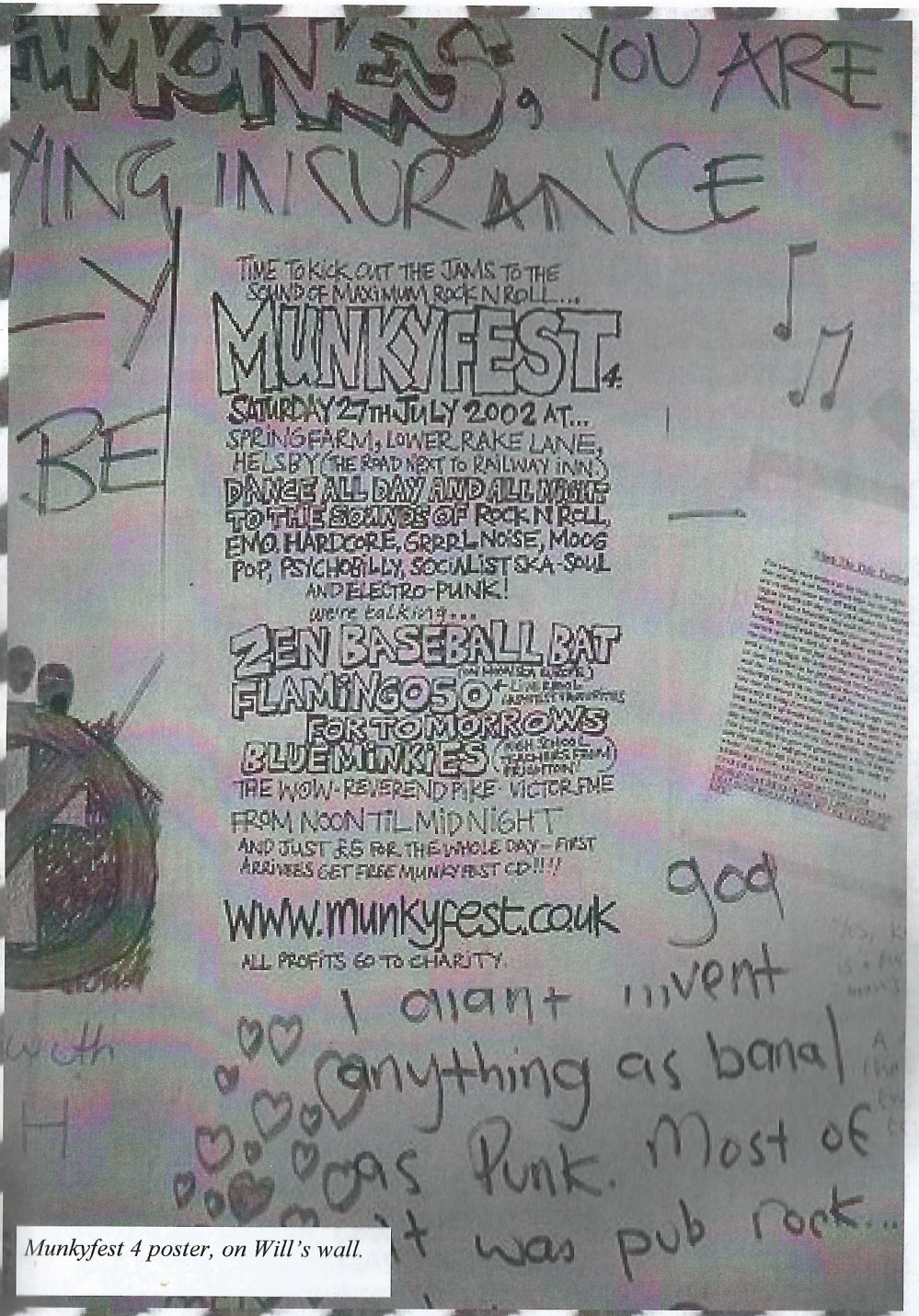


Munkyfest 4 acoustic tent looking weirdly 'gorillas in the mist'-esque.

We'd sensibly predicted that a gig in a community centre would be nowhere near sufficient, and so had set about planning for another, after-show, event; a small acoustic tent set up on the hill above my garden. This was the beginning of the acoustic tent that's been a part of all subsequent Munkyfests, and stands proudly before you, a palace of white canvas, at Munkyfest 8. Necessity really is the mother of invention, I guess.

If there's a moment in Munkyfest history which comes close to eclipsing the euphoric rightness of munkyfest 2, it's that first year of the acoustic tent. At times the acoustic tent can be a rowdy and lairy place, we know, but for this first year it was impossibly homely, inviting and good natured, the warm, flowery night air lulling us gently to rested day dreams as the music made us smile. Joe went on a mission to a get a keyboard from home, and then played a cover of 'Jilted John', which moved us to happy tears. Paul rafferty and Joe treated us to a mini-victor FME set (for Honey Shop Screamers no longer existed…), and the divine powers that be played a little joke as the lights cut out at the exact moment that Paul sang, 'bring on the black hole', throwing us into total darkness. Sam Howard, the nicest man you'll ever meet, made his live performance debut, playing elegant and elegiac folk tunes. Someone who was madly drunk played 'Jolene' over and over, probably the only song that sounds *amazing* when played by someone who is madly drunk. Ally got the whole tent singing in perfect harmony, just like Coca Cola promised. There was a really spontaneous, informal feel to that first acoustic tent. Everyone was smiling and it felt like we were all old friends (many of us *were*). It was exactly as things should be.

Munkyfest 4, for all its problems, was a testament to how great the audience and bands of Munkyfest are. It was a real success, against the odds, and at the end we threw open our house and garden to all that attended Munkyfest. Remarkably, not a single thing was broken or damaged. You're a special lot, you know, thanks…


YOU ARE
INSURANCE
TIME TO KICK OUT THE JAMS TO THE SOUND OF MAXIMUM ROCK N ROLL...
MUNKYFEST 4
SATURDAY 27TH JULY 2002 AT...
SPRINGFARM, LOWER RAKE LANE, HELSBY (THE ROAD NEXT TO RAILWAY INN)
DANCE ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT TO THE SOUNDS OF ROCK N ROLL, EMO, HARDCORE, GRRRL NOISE, MOOG POP, PSYCHOBILLY, SOCIALIST SKA-SOUL AND ELECTRO-PUNK!
we're talking...
ZEN BASEBALL BAT
FLAMINGOS OF
FOR TOMORROWS
BLUE MINKIES
THE WOW-REVEREND FIKE-VICTOR FME
FROM NOON TIL MIDNIGHT
AND JUST £5 FOR THE WHOLE DAY - FIRST ARRIVERS GET FREE MUNKYFEST CD!!!!
www.munkyfest.co.uk
ALL PROFITS GO TO CHARITY
god
I can't invent
anything as banal
as Punk. Most of
it was pub rock...

Munkyfest 4 poster, on Will's wall.

MUNKYFEST 5.

SATURDAY 26TH JULY 2003:

start	end	length		band number
12:20	13:00	00:40	changeover/ DJ	
13:00	13:15	00:15	**the fucks**	1
13:15	13:35	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
13:35	14:00	00:25	**the battys**	2
14:00	14:20	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
14:20	14:45	00:25	**redbank**	3
14:45	15:05	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
15:05	15:35	00:30	**we start fires** / kill yself.	
15:35	15:55	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
15:55	16:25	00:30	**the wow**	4
16:25	16:45	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
16:45	17:15	00:30	**voo**	5
17:15	17:35	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
17:35	18:05	00:30	**victor fme**	6
18:05	18:25	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
18:25	19:00	00:35	**grampus 8**	7
19:00	19:20	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
19:20	20:00	00:40	**zen baseball bat** For Tom	8
20:00	20:20	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
20:20	20:55	00:35	**mugstar**	9
20:55	21:15	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
21:15	21:55	00:40	**for tomorrows** Flamingo	10
21:55	22:15	00:20	changeover/ DJ	
22:15	22:55	00:40	**flamingo 50** Zen Baseball bat	11
22:55	23:20	00:25	changeover/ DJ	
23:20	0:00	00:40	**tokyo adventures**	12

The scheduled entertainment of the day.

Munkyfest 5, in 2003, really was on a farm though. A ruddy big farm at that. Those in charge of such things saw sense and gave us license to rave our little hearts out at Spring Farm, Helsby. Although they were still oddly resistant to any plans to build a slip road of the m56. Fucking killjoys.

Anyway. 2003 was the year that we discovered the delights of doing a festival on a farm. God it's good. For one thing, you get to work outside in the summer sun. For another, there are cows everywhere. For yet another, there are little calves being born and staring at what you're up to with their cute eyes. But perhaps the best thing about doing Munkyfest on a farm is that farmers literally have *everything*. Honestly. All this worry about whether Iran has access to the materials to build a nuclear bomb…trust me, if they've got farmers, then they've got access to anything you care to name, tucked away in the huge piles of stuff that every farmer refuses to ever throw away. Here's an example: there we were, wondering what'd make a good focal point for the camping area in the huge field. A totem pole would be nice, it was suggested. *Within seconds* of making this suggestion, a piece of wood perfect for job was found on the farm *and* a tool that was specifically designed to put it into the ground. Thus, the Munkyfest totem pole was born. But if we'd wanted to build, I don't know, a munkyfest iron-lung instead, chances are we would have found one of those on the farm, with a little searching.

Flyer for Munkyfest 5

So Munkyfest 5 is when it all starts to go pretty 'professional'. Again, it's a matter of necessity. Munkyfest becomes a fully licensed, legal event, with the blessing and cooperation of the police, fire brigade and environmental health. We buy insurance. We get first aid cover for the first time, and a chip van, and security (with proud mullets and even prouder nunchuk skills). Expense piles on top of expense. We have to sell tickets and charge people for entry . It's no longer a teenage party: it's a proper 'event'. Inevitably, that means a lot more work for us, and less fun (although that's not quite true for me, as for Munkyfest 5 I got horribly drunk while others stayed responsible, something I'm still not proud of…).

But it's all worth it for the satisfaction of seeing everyone there enjoying themselves. I know that sounds forced, and oddly American, but it really is true. Any doubts that Munkyfest would lose something special after graduating to full-scale (albeit still mini) festival rather than party were quickly irrelevant as soon as the day started. If anything, the fact that everything ran that little bit smoother put the audience and the bands in even better moods than previous Munkyfests and we happily danced along to the best minds of our generation. We might've had to take it all a bit more seriously, but the fun continued.

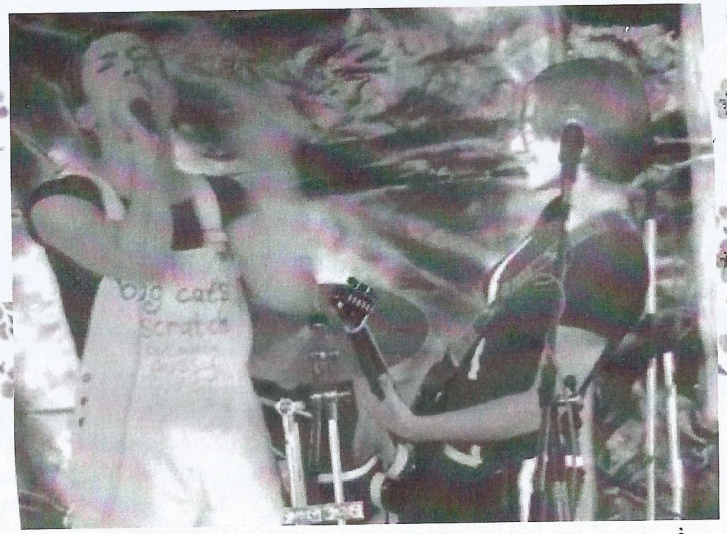
Painting one off on the totem pole.

The Wow get blurry at Munkyfest 5.

Oh, but it pissed it down. Let's not forget. But, for once, it really didn't matter, us tucked away safe and sound in the barn, with the lovely 'Munkyfest doves' flying and sleeping and cooing (and shitting. A lot.) over head. Although the camping area, tents sandwiched between the water coming down and the water rising up from the marshes, was a very hell. But a fun hell, as it was a munkyfest, after all.

After a customary shambles from the Fucks (I think a guitar string broke on the very first note we played), the Batty's took ownership of the stage. More and more at Munkyfest, we tend to have a few acts who we're not at all sure that everyone will like, but who are doing something really honest and true and good, and so we think that we have to have them; the Batty's are probably the best example of that. Not many people were into them, and they confused a fair number of people (I think knowledge of their very existence turned the security's world upside down). But, they were, in the words of hiphop legend David Cameron, 'keeping it real' (incidentally, he did actually use that phrase while being interviewed on a London reggae radio station! This needs to be more widely reported). The Batty's were 2 girls and 1 Gareth. One of the girls was Roz, who now enjoys fame and fortune as bass player with Electrelane. Gareth is an incredibly camp, and very Welsh, transvestite. He's the loudest, most chaotic, and friendliest

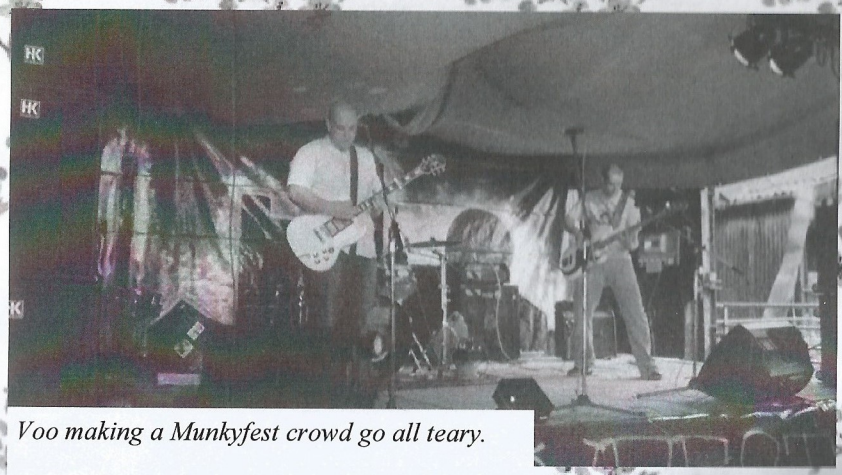
person you could ever wish to play your festival. He stayed at my family home during the course of munkyfest and I think we're still a little shellshocked from the experience, 3 years on. The Battys, fronted by Gareth in his glammed up housewife alter-ego of Truly Kaput, were a band like bands should be, joyous and messy and out of step with the boring world. Truly Kaput was and is the greatest show-woman of her generation, Commandante of the finest 10 minute party in town.



Truly Kaput And Roz, of The Battys.

Another really memorable aspect of Munkyfest 5 was the wave after wave of magic and goodness that came off the stage and in the audience's laps, courtesy of the 'Liverpool Contingent' (I just made that name up, no one really calls them that, thankfully). Munkyfest has always been close friends with those on the Liverpool DIY scene, because we think they're great, and they are shockingly nice people, and- thank God- they seem to like Munkyfest. Many of the people from frodsham who were involved in Munkyfest right from its beginnings in will's back garden now live in Liverpool and play in Liverpool bands; Paul Rafferty, Paul Stearne and John Wallace if you want names (and why wouldn't you?). Place is like a mecca to us. Lots of Liverpool bands played Munkyfest before Munkyfest 5, of course, but for 2004 we had, by jove, real strength in depth. Voo, grampus 8, flamingo 50, the victor FME (formed from the warm ashes of Honey Shop Screamers), mugstar (who featured members of mogwai's friends and business associates, Kling-klang), and the mighty Tokyo Adventures (who took on the big task of wrapping things up, as the last band to play)…you couldn't move for liverpool's great and good. Putting these bands on stage one after the other makes putting on a really enjoyable festival remarkably easy, really. There's not much that can go wrong. As Sir Jamie Oliver has taught us, its all about good ingredients, well sourced. But aside from the great songs and the even better dancing that those songs encouraged, we were made to feel part of a scene, something big and moving and worthwhile by the presence of both the bands from Liverpool and also Keith records- who were to Liverpool what Dischord was/is to Washington D.C. We were inspired and touched by the way they all worked with each other, and helped and supported both each other. It made us feel like we owe it to this scene to do the best we can with Munkyfest, and we still feel like that. And Munkyfest 5 was perhaps what really brought all that home to us.

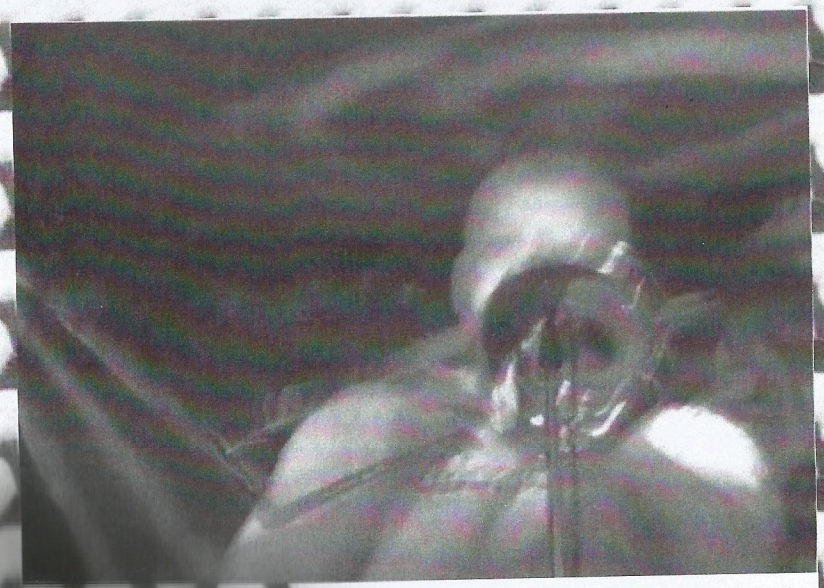
The Victor FME.



Voo making a Munkyfest crowd go all teary.

We attracted many of the more distinguished and experienced members of society to Munkyfest 5, like moths to a massive flame. To put it less euphemistically, a lot of old people came to Munkyfest. We were now respectable, see. And the farmer who owned the farm, Uncle Norman (that's my uncle, not yours), had loads of friends who he invited down. Getting on for three generations of people, then, were raving under the rafters of the barn, into the night. That was special. When mixes of people get together, it's often that people feel a little freer, and things get a bit more fun.

And the end of Munkyfest 5 was a lot fun. There's no better band than Zen Baseball Bat to unite a crowd in the love of dancing after a long day's getting tipsy. Parents smiled at children and children smiled at teenagers and teenagers smiled at each other, and steam rose up from the dancefloor. It all came together. In those days, more than now, Zen Baseball Bat songs really were anthems for a lot of us. We knew all the words, and they were kind of like our pop music: the music that particular community in that corner of the north west bonded over. Zen Baseball Bat were often a bit of a nightmare for us to deal with (it was all part of their charm), but for moments like the climax to their set, with 500 people chanting along and stomping their dancing shoes into the ground, all the little ritual humiliations and mind-games they enjoyed putting us through were more than worth it.



Darryl of Zen Baseball Bat causes some musical trouble.

Tokyo Adventures headlined and it was perfect, obviously: everybody loves singing their songs; They have great songs; They're so clearly are having a ball on stage and want you to have one too; They have a song about sleeping bags; They have an element of melancholic but joyful sentimentalism to their sound so they sound like the happy end to a great party…*perfect for headlining Munkyfest*. Towards the end of their set, they led a chant of 'Norman! Norman!' in honour of the person whose generosity allowed munkyfest to happen. Lovely guys to the end.

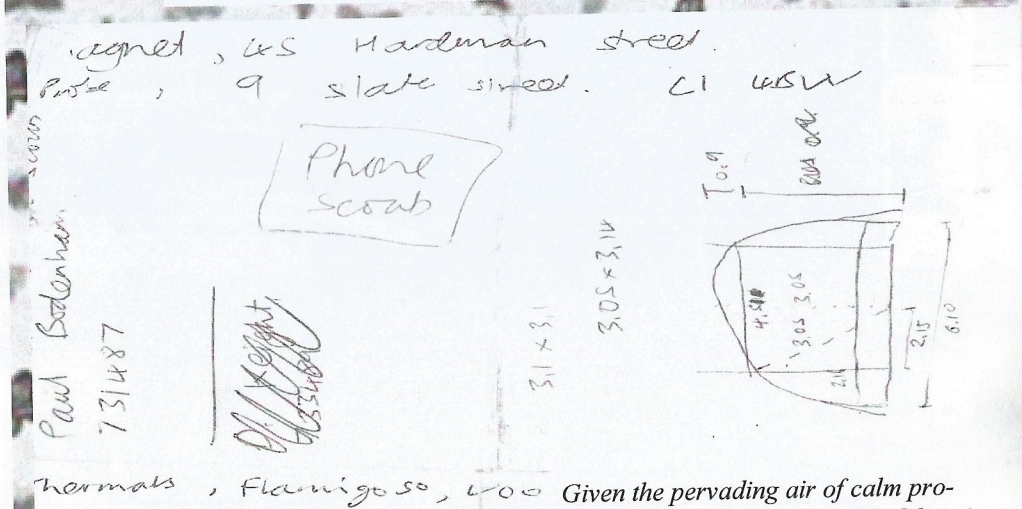
Liverpool Supergroup Grampus 8 rock Munkyfest 5's shoes off.

As night fell on munkyfest and the electric entertainment came to a massive close, we schlepped through the mud to the campsite, with it's acoustic tent and mighty totem pole. Here the true festival 'vibe' (God I can't believe I just typed that) was in full effect. We had someone doing Fire Poi aka, 'That Thing'. We had people playing tin whistles. It was time to go to bed, with the noise of a hundred good times ringing in our ears and stepping into our dreams.

MUNKYFEST
IT'S THE CHESHIRE SET'S ONLY FESTIVAL OF SCIENCE, SOUND AND ELECTRICITY....
FEATURING... THE WOW, RED BANK, FLAMINGO 50, ZEN BASEBALL BAT, TOKYO ADVENTURES, MUGSTAR, GRAMPUS EIGHT, VICTOR FME, THE FUCKS, THE BATTYS, VOO, PLUS DJS AND MORE BANDS!!
26TH JULY 2003 IN HELSBY NEAR FRODSHAM... GO TO WWW.MUNKYFEST.CO.UK FOR TICKETS...
TICKETS £4 QUID!

MUNKYFEST 6.

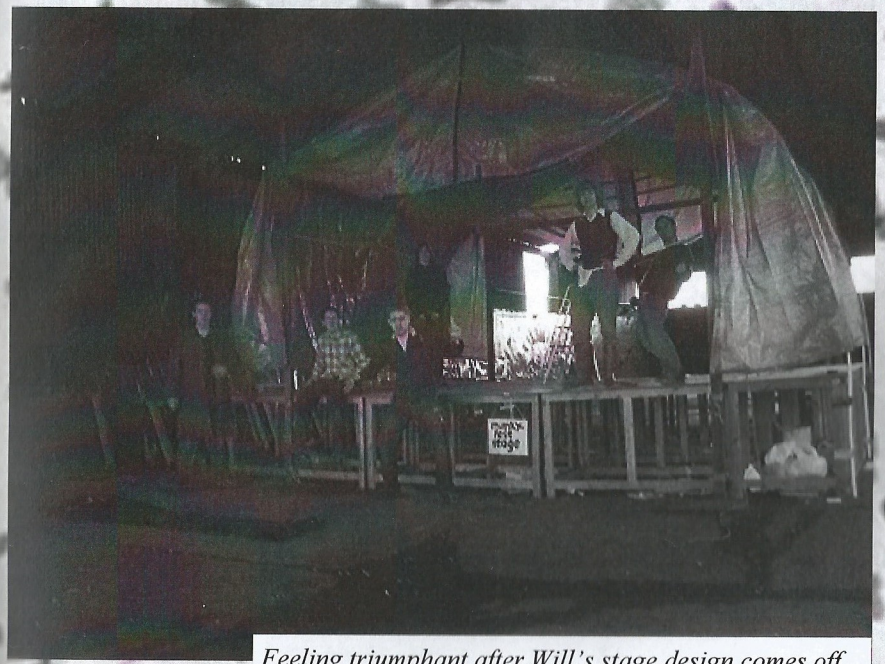
SATURDAY 31ST JULY 2004: THE POSH GIRLS/TIGERS!/OUR BEAUTIFUL RIDICULOUS PLAN/ HOOKER/ VEGETABLES/ LORDS/ THE WOW/ THIS AIN'T VEGAS/ FLAMINGO 50-3 MINUTE MARGIN/ TOKYO ADVENTURES/ VICTOR FME/ FOR TOMORROWS/ COUNTRYSIDE ALLIANCE CREW



Given the pervading air of calm professionalism that characterizes Munkyfest, you might be surprised to learn that it's pretty much all planned out on pieces of paper like this one, written in the pub. Of course, we also use computer modelling, and lots of clip boards and white coats. But the ground work is all laid down in frantic sessions on beer mats and the back of envelopes. The example to the left is from Munkyfest 6. Note that for some reason Will has written 'thermals'.

We're up to 2004 now. The global economy went into decline but some clever and cute asset management from the guardians of the Munkyfest Brand ensured that the business flourished, entering the FTSE 100 for the first time, a place it happily resides in to this very day. With the windfall from selling share options, we did three main things. Firstly, and most importantly, we ploughed a large amount of capital into R&D for a musical outfit involving only spaniels, a project that has still yet to reach its full potential. Secondly, we bought a stage. Thirdly, we put on another Munkyfest, which was- again thanks to Norman's remarkable generosity- held at Spring Farm.

Incidentally, we had to collect the stage from a church, and on the day when we went round there it was a local parents and toddlers coffee morning/play school, so we had to step over little hundreds of screaming toddlers. It was a surreal experience which still haunts me a little bit to this day. And Joe tells me that when he went to check out the stage, the guy who was selling it took it upon himself to show Joe, 'how the steps to the stage work' (!), by going up them, but without ever bending his knees. Dwell on that mental image for a while and then let us move on…



Feeling triumphant after Will's stage design comes off big time. Look how mighty it is. Just look.

This time, Munkyfest was pretty smooth. We knew what we were doing now, and we'd pretty much got the basic formula and plan down. In fact, many of the major bits of the way we do munkyfest now- the security, the PA, the soundmen- were firsts at Munkyfest 2004, and we liked them so much that we decided to do it like that every year. When you compare Munkyfest 2004 to the first one in will's back garden it can be hard to see how a tiny party we put on after school became what it became. But I guess one thing I've tried to do here is to try and show that it was just a matter of tiny steps one after the other. For Munkyfests previous to 2004, one aim that we always had was to try and make the next Munkyfest substantially bigger than the last- we were always trying to get more people, get better known, and that sometimes meant getting better known bands. But after the success of Munkyfest 2003, for the first time we resolved to just stick as we were, and stay happy. After 2004, we're content just to stay the same size, and do things pretty much the same way.

There was one bigish change at munkyfest 2004, which was that the bill was slightly less Liverpool-centric than previous years. We were conscious that there were so many fantastic bands out there that we hadn't had play yet, and so it was necessary to ring the changes a little bit, to free up some space, with the plan that the next year's munkyfest would be very much Liverpool a-go-go once more. In munkyfest as in life, it's a trade-off between loyalty to old friends and wanting to make new friends.

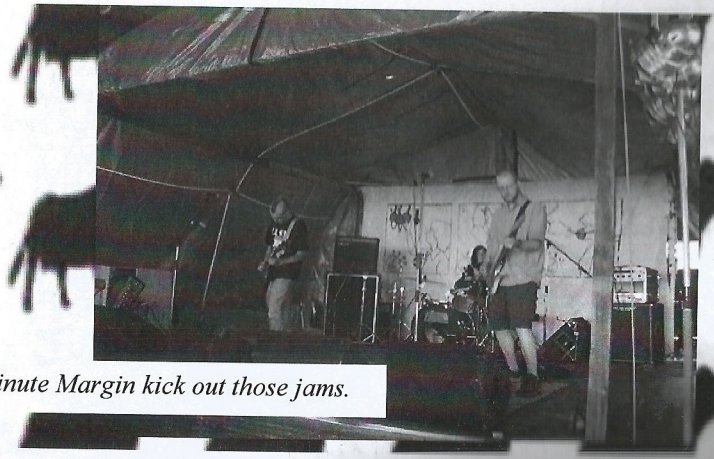
P.F.S (BREAK!!!)
RICKY WADE
HELP
P-GATE (MID KEY CHANGE!)
TAKE ME BY SURP...
Maps + Stars
Techno
S-BAG (QUIETOND!)
STORY
REFRS

Tokyo's Munkyfest 6 Set list

For Tomorrows: Lords of all they survey.

For many of the new bands we ventured to the northern climes, kidnapping Tigers and the Unpleasants from Leeds, Hooker and Our Beautiful Ridiculous Plan from Manchester, and This Ain't Vegas from one of the towns/toons (?) of the North East. After we diligently paid off their respective ransoms, they each got down to the business of making Munkyfest a hailstorm of goodness (this is Munkyfest's mission statement, by the way. That's a lie.). Tigers in particular made some jaws drop onto the mucky barnyard floor. If I remember rightly, they were wearing underpants and cowboy hats and nothing else, but I may be confusing it with a dream I once had. They were terribly exuberant and growly and yelpy. Lots of angular klang and kling. As intense as you'd imagine a band made up of the biggest of big cats to be. Some questioned our morals in using endangered species for our shallow entertainment in this way, but, being too busy waving our hands in the air, we just didn't care. Oh and the bouncers hated them, which we sometimes take as a sign that it's all going great. Also from the dark and mildly satanic mills of Leeds, the Unpleasants played their munkyfest debut, kicking off our love affair with their Jewish wedding music/blissy electronica that survives to this day: we've booked him to play for both munkyfests since. Funny story about the Unpleasants: despite the plural name, he's only really one man, Gareth, with one keyboard. The 's' comes from the time when the Unpleasants was a genuine double-act, with Gareth playing keyboard while a battery powered toy monkey jigged and shimmied on stage. God how we should have tried to get him to reprise that act for us at Munkyfest.

One thing that we love at Munkyfest is unique, one-off events. It makes us feel special, and that little bit more loved. To mix old-fashioned sayings, Flamingo 50 and 3 Minute Margin did us prouder than punch on that score. Not only did they play a split-set, one band turning into the other faster than you could flip over a record, 3 Minute margin also played us their own Munkyfest anthem of 'Highway to Helsby', conceived and written while driving over on the dual carriageway. That's a 'big look', as they say…



Three Minute Margin kick out those jams.

The highest highlight of Munkyfest 2004, though, was pretty much undoubtedly the Munkyfest debut of the all-powerful Vegetables, more than ably assisted by John Wallace careening round his drum kit. Basically, if you missed this set, then- sorry to say- your life is somewhat incomplete. What Munkyfest has long been crying out for is for a country gent of traditional values and good breeding to take it by the scruff of the neck and show us what is ruddy well what. Vegetables was that man. Playing perhaps the most 'difficult' slot of the day- the mid-afternoon one, where people's thoughts can often be more focussed on where and how to find food/alcohol/their friends than watching people do some music, it's a measure of Vegetables' excellence that he packed out the barn as soon as he started playing his organ led odes to the absurdities of country life. Racing through a set of instant classics, Vegetables' set was a pretty intense, overwhelming experience. And he made us laugh. A lot. It was a set to remember and cherish forever, so thank you joe and john.

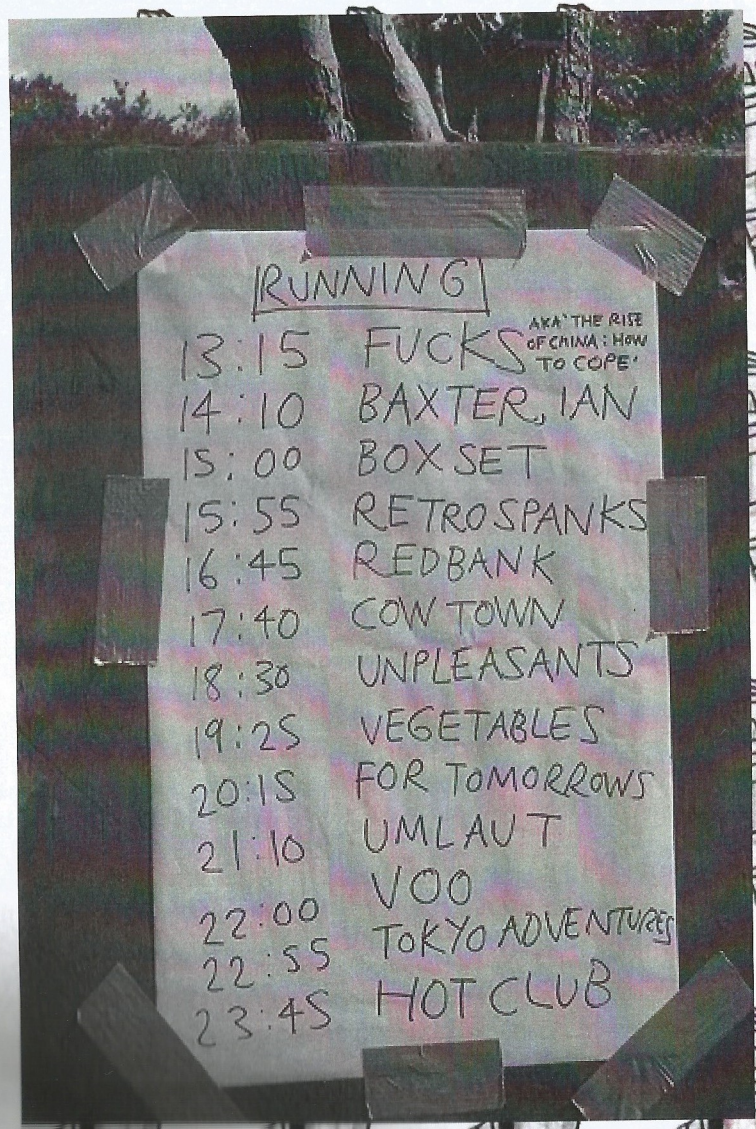
What else happened? Well lots, obviously, but there's no time and space to go through the whole deal. Lets just say the day was a big success all round and then night fell and it all went a little bit heart of darkness. Firstly, we had another case of 'Pyridine-syndrome' and, like in Munkyfest 2, we put on a hugely inappropriate headliner. After hours of lovely guitar-based music making the crowd all happy and warm we only stuck on DJ Shitmat's 'Countryside Alliance Crew'!: a load of maniacs creating brutal dada mash-ups of jungle, gabba and rolf harris, while dressed as farmers and teenage mutant hero/ninja turtles. God the barn cleared quickly. Whoops. They were fun though, honest, but the soundman hated them so he cut the sound. *Waste man.* Disgruntled, the Crew went in the camping area and played old school jungle dead loud through the massive speakers of their Max Powered Vauxhall Novas. Good lads.

Oh and the less said about the acoustic tent that year the better, perhaps. It all got a bit weird. We've learnt our lessons, I hope: we work very hard now to make the night times fun and light-hearted. Although all the tenseness was worth it if only for Richard Wow's legendary 'set' in which he, a little worse for wear, went all john cage on us and just stared in silence at the acoustic guitar in his hands for a few minutes until someone realised that this was kind of the end of the road and gently took it off him.

MUNKY FEST
TICKETS JUST £6 FOR WHOLE DAY PLUS CAMPING & FREE CBE DEE
SHUN THE POLLUTED FLOCK!... WITH.....
THE COUNTRYSIDE ALLIANCE CREW
FEATURING SHITMAT
MASKED-UP MAYHEM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
VICTOR FME
LIVERPOOL COMBO-POP
HOOKER
MANCHESTER SUPER COOL GARAGE ROCK'N'ROLL
THE WOW
SIMPLICORE ALCHEMISTS
FLAMINGO 50
AKIRA THE DON
CAMDEN TOWN HIP-HOP
LORDS
BEEFHEART PARTY-HARDER
3 MINUTE MARGIN
ROCK'N'ROLL SHOWDOWN
TIGERS!
LEEDS NOISE ANIMALS
TOKYO ADVENTURES
BIRKENHEAD, BOSS TUNEAGE. B-MOVIE POP
FOR TOMORROWS
CHEAP TRUCKISH SMALL TOWN BIG ROCKERS
THIS AINT VEGAS
SHELLAC-STYLED ROCK-INTELLIGENTIA
THE FUCKS
OKBRIDGE HYPERNOISE LEGENDS
...AND SO MUCH MORE, INCLUDING A NIGHT TENT FEATURING OUR BEAUTIFUL RIDICULOUS PLAN, VEGETABLES, MUSICA FUTURISTA & WINSTON ECHO. COME JOIN THE MAGIC...
www.munkyfest.co.uk ← FOR INFO & TICKETS.
SAT 31ST JULY '04
MIDDAY 'TIL LATE PLUS CAMPING* (*CAMPING OVER 18'S ONLY)
SPRING FARM, LOWER RAKE LANE, HELSBY, NEAR FRODSHAM, CHESHIRE
JUNCTION 12 OFF THE M56.
WA6 OHT.

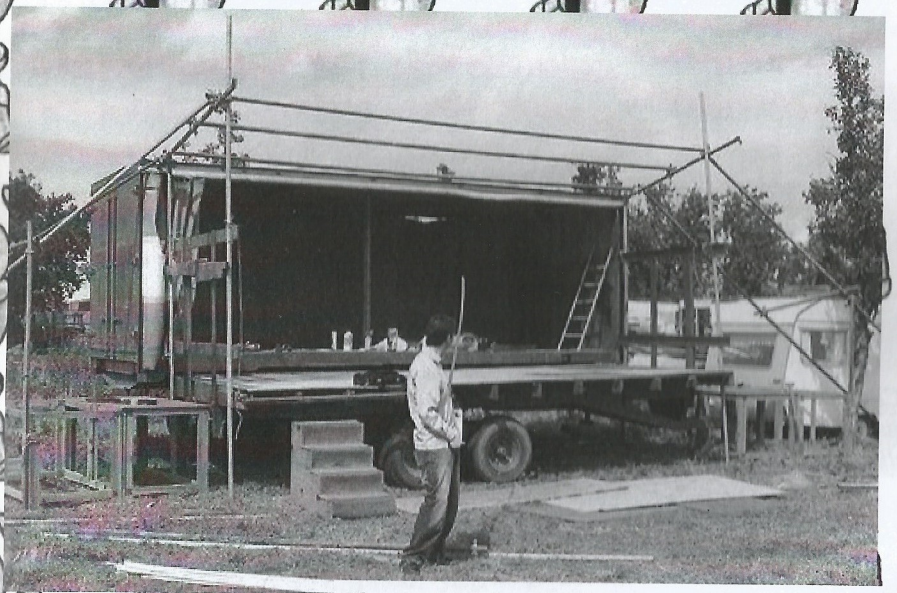
MUNKYFEST 7.

SATURDAY 6TH AUGUST 2005.



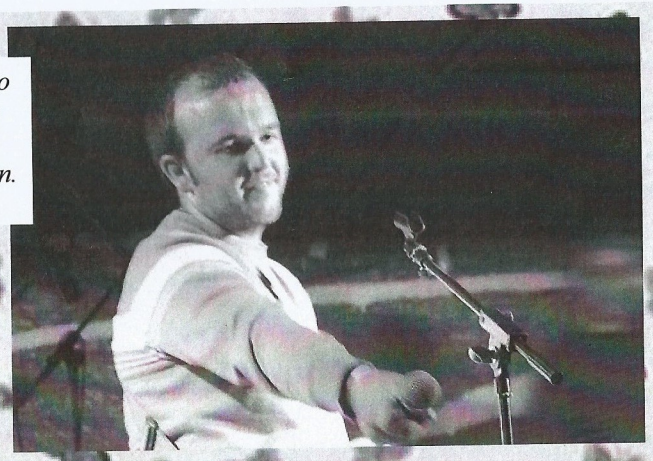
OK! Munkyfest 2005. the penultimate munkyfest. Three things are important about this one. Firstly, the economic climate allowed us to fulfil a long-standing aim and once again link the cost of munkyfest tickets to earnings, rather than prices. Secondly and perhaps more importantly (and more true), we moved to a whole new site. No more being wedged between the bright lights of the motorway and the brighter lights of a fertiliser factory for us. Nah, we got to have munkyfest in a little orchard. That's a big step up in terms of prettiness. We got to drape lights between the trees and got to have a campfire, so that, for the first time, Munkyfest really glittered at night and looked truly idyllic.

Thirdly, and most importantly of all, 2005 saw the first intra-Munkyfest nuptials, when Munkyfest Top Boy Matthew Hampson married fellow organiser Clare Crossland the day before the event. Being the stakhanovites they are, the wedding reception was pretty much getting people together to work on the Munkyfest site and having a BBQ afterwards (stakhanovite is an soviet term for an ultra-committed worker, by the way. A good word to know). Because most of those who came to the wedding stayed on for Munkyfest, the festival that year had a lovely, easy-going atmosphere to it: a wedding party stretched out into 2 days of fun.



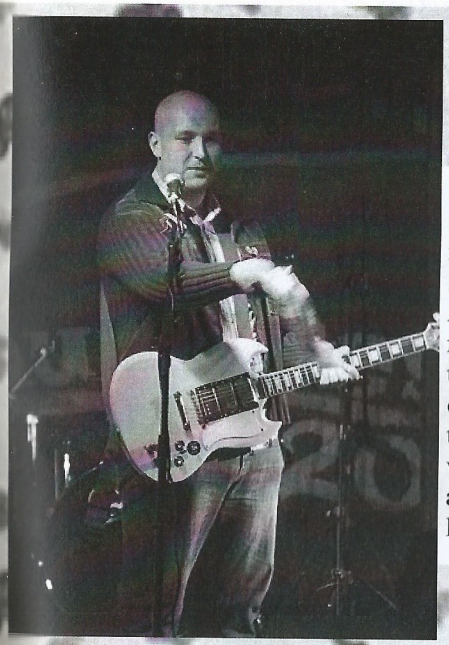
The stage. So beautiful. So powerful...

Everyone kept smiling. I think that's what's most memorable about Munkfyest 2005. We were all happy for the whole day and the whole night. Largely that's due to the music, of course. We had Redbank in matching pink t-shirts showing us once again that they just keep on getting better and better: they brought a laptop this time for even more lovely texture. We had Will from The Rise of China falling off the stage, as is quickly becoming customary. We had the long overdue return of Ian Baxter, doing some insanely clever and nice stuff with circuit boards. We had Sheffield's Boxset doing all of playing the most unhygienic electro around, wearing massive Russian furry hats, giving us the lyric of the day in 'honeymoon- CYSTITIS!' and prompting Kingsley's Tories to complain to the council about the lyrical dirtiness. They did us proud. We had some two for the price of one fun from Leeds' CowTown and Brown Owl, sharing members and an idea that the way to get Munkyfests' hearts fluttering was to rock their way through angles and drones. Which it was. And, of course, we had Hot Club de Paris' munkyfest debut, making us yearn and sigh at the jittery beauty of a magisterial headlining set.



Tony from Tokyo Adventures gets up to some call and response fun.

Hot Club looking disarmingly angelic.



Like loving parents, or, indeed, tearful children trapped in a custody battle, Munkyfest doesn't really have favourites. But we really should talk a little bit about how great Voo were at Munkyfest 7. As the sun set and we hugged to avoid the chilliness, Voo (*left)* warmed our hearts and brought tears to our eyes with the most delicate, lovingly crafted yearning pop. The sound of dreams. Sometimes, most times, Munkyfest is fun. Often it's very funny. But other times it is really beautiful, and the Voo set was one of the times, with the lights in the orchard twinkling along to the music.

But it wasn't just the music. Munkyfest is always, we hope (we try), more than just watching bands in a field. It's also about having a friendly and kind day in the pretty country side in the summer. So we had some people selling some delicious food. We had Joe of Vegetables giving away taxidermy as a raffle prize to one Oliver Beck esq., who, appropriately, had travelled the furthest distance of anyone to come to Munkyfest- all the way from Northumberland. We had the (official) world's nicest man Francois showing his delightfully wistful short films in the acoustic tent. We huddled and laughed around the campfire till dawn. And we finally got our act together and put on the 'rave generator'; munkyfest's very own after-hours dance tent complete with glow-sticks and chemical masks. Never has The Knife's 'Heartbeats' been played so many times in one evening.

Vegetables makes a young lad's dream come true.

MUNKYFEST
A MAGICAL PARTY IN AN ENCHANTED ORCHARD
featuring:
HOT CLUB de PARIS
TOKYO ADVENTURES · VOO ·
THAT FUCKING TANK · UMLAUT ·
VEGETABLES · FORTOMORROWS · THE BOX SET ·
THE UNPLEASANTS · REDBANK and so many more...
come to...
TAN HOUSE FARM, BALL LANE,
KINGSLEY, FRODSHAM, CHESHIRE.
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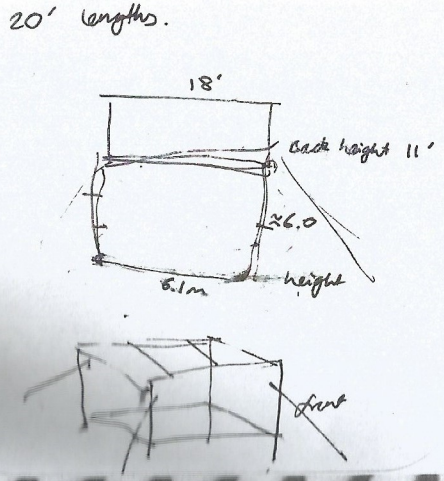
on...
SATURDAY 6TH AUGUST 2005
12 NOON TIL LATE - TICKETS £8
VISIT WWW.MUNKYFEST.CO.UK
Pete Tucker 2005

It was tough, moving to a whole new venue and learning to do things in a new way. It was a long few weeks running up to the event. There were times when we were exhausted, feeling dizzy from fretting and stressing about Munkyfest every single waking minute, and just wanted it to end. But it was more than worth it.

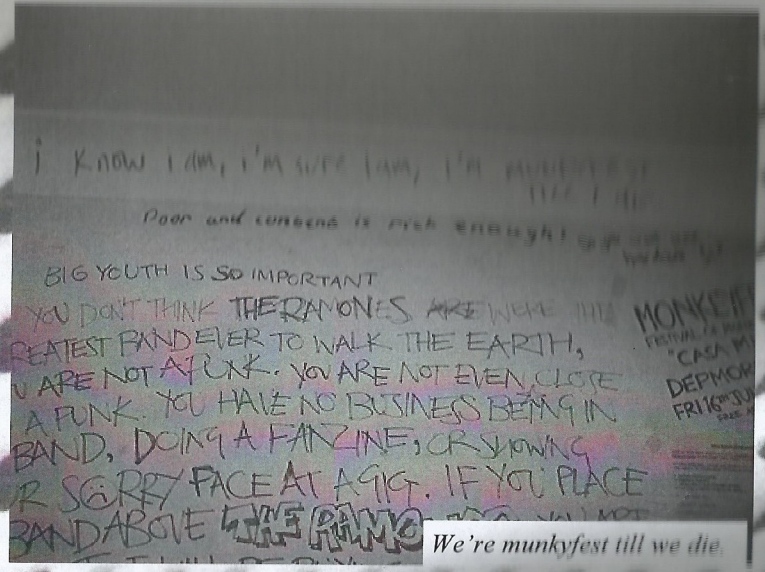


A stage design from Munkyfest 7. This is how it all happens.

WHY STOP?

As I hope comes across in all the pages previous to this, we do really love Munkyfest, and we love putting it on. Some people tell us that Munkyfest is the highlight of their summer and we feel exactly the same way. We've had a ridiculous number of great times with amazing people. But it's also pretty hard work: months and months of planning and stressing. Each year, the day after Munkyfest, as we set to clearing the site through hangovers or very little sleep, or both, we collectively vow, 'never again'. But then a few months go by and we're back talking excitedly about all the cool stuff that we want to do for the next one. For so long, it was just so much fun that we couldn't resist just doing one more. But now, this time, we really are saying 'never again'. We're exhausted, we need a break, and what's more we're starting to do grown up things like getting jobs and stuff. It's time for a change. It's been 8 summer's and that seems enough.

So, we're going to bow out here. It's been a real honour and a real pleasure to have done this, and we feel enormously grateful to all that have played and all that have listened. x.


BIG YOUTH IS SO IMPORTANT
YOU DON'T THINK THE RAMONES ARE
GREATEST BAND EVER TO WALK THE EARTH,
U ARE NOT A PUNK. YOU ARE NOT EVEN CLOSE
A PUNK. YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS BEING IN
BAND, DOING A FANZINE, OR KNOWING
R SORRY FACE AT A GIG. IF YOU PLACE
BAND ABOVE

We're munkyfest till we die.

OH, THE FUN WE HAD...

Munkyfest 5 crowd showing the love.

Munkyfest 2 has the time of its life.

Munkyfest 4 decamps to the community centre. Street gang!

Munkyfest 3 before in a rare moment of respite from rain.

Munkyfest 1 in its all its smallness.

Munkyfest 5 has a little Iwo-Jima moment with the totem pole.

Dancing, really dancing.

Munkyfest 7 looks on in awe and wonder